

A Hobbit Side Story: The Warrior Princess

by HobbitandLOTR

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Summary: A Legolas/Tauriel love story. Follows The Hobbit a little. I want to make it seem like this romance could have actually happened.
:D

1. Chapter 1

Chapter 1

Tauriel POV

Thunk, thunk, thunk. The sound of the arrows hitting the center of the targets one after another is most satisfying to me. Turning back, I aimed again at the first target, attempting to split the first arrow I had lodged in it. The second I let the arrow out through my fingers, I knew it would not hit its mark perfectly. Sure enough, the arrow glanced off the first one and fell to the forest floor. I reached behind me into my quiver and produced a second arrow, notching it in my bow. I tried to remember everything Legolas had taught me about my stance and position. I pulled the arrow back and tried again. It seemed better, but still did not hit perfectly, again glancing off the first arrow. I ground my heel into the dirt in frustration.

"Would you like a hand, my lady?" The familiar, silky voice comes from up high in the trees. I look up scanning for the elf whilst shielding my eyes from the sun with my hand. Suddenly, someone drops behind me and I am so surprised, my instincts kick in. I yank my daggers out from their sheathes on my back in a split second, while wheeling around and striking at my attacker. His arm moves fast as lightning, bringing his sword up and meeting my daggers with a clash of metal. I look into the piercing blue eyes and gasp.

"I am so sorry, Legolas! I do not know what I was thinking!"

"It is not a crime to have impeccable reflexes, Tauriel," The blonde

haired elf responded amiably. "As I was saying, would you like a hand?"

"S-sure" I said, still a little flustered. With a knowing smile, Legolas said,

"Show me your stance." I put my left foot forward, my right back, loaded my arrow and drew the bow back. Legolas stood right behind me and put his hands over mine. I could feel his steady heart beating and his large, smooth hands on mine. He had always done this when we were younger and he was training me, but now it felt different. I blinked and shook the feeling off.

"Good, now aim your gaze right there," Legolas said, pointing. "Follow my lead." Together we pulled the bow back, aimed and let go. The arrow sailed perfectly through the air and split the first one right down the center. "You try that one." Legolas motioned with his hand towards the second target. I took my stance and aimed at the target, letting the arrow fly. Sure enough, it split the other arrow clean in half. Legolas smiled and said, "See? You didn't forget, you just needed a quick reminder." I smiled back at him, meeting his gaze for a moment.

"Thanks _mellon_," I said sincerely.

"Anytime, Tauriel."

Legolas POV

The elleth turned towards the third and final target with a determined look upon her soft features. Again, her aim was spot on and she split her original arrow in half. She stared at the target with a triumphant gaze.

"You may be better than me at archery, _mellon_, but I bet I can still beat you in a spar," Tauriel challenged.

"Okay," I answered her challenge. "You decide the rules." With a smug smile she declared,

"Daggers and physical fighting only. No swords, no bow and arrows."

"Then I accept your challenge." Daggers were Tauriel's favorite weapon and she was quick and fierce with them. I knew that if I were to beat her, I would have to disarm her first, and even then, she was a spectacular physical fighter. But as Prince of Mirkwood and co-trainer of the new guards along with Tauriel, I was confident in my abilities. I turned to face her, waiting for her to make the first move. She struck, her daggers aiming for my abdomen in a would-be-harmful move if I were anything but a swift, experienced fighter. My instincts kicked in and I raised my daggers up to meet hers. We fought for what felt like ages, stabbing, slashing, parrying, and blocking. After awhile, I could see I was gaining a slight upper hand. Tauriel's movements were becoming slightly sluggish as she tired. As she slashed one of her daggers at my chest, I caught her blade with mine and twisted my hand downward, disarming her. I kicked the weapon across the clearing so she couldn't recover it. Now all I had to do was keep her on the opposite side of the clearing from her weapon and I had two daggers to her one. But that

was still not an easy task. She stayed back this time letting me make the first move. I slowly walked up, creating suspense. I feigned a slash towards her head which she ducked but as she did that, I tripped her with the hilt of my other dagger. She recovered quickly and got up but not before I had completely disarmed her, leaving her weaponless. Knowing she was almost defeated, Tauriel threw a punch towards my stomach, hoping to knock the wind out of me. I caught the punch, spinning her around so that her back was against my chest and putting my dagger gently to her neck. "I win." I smiled pleasantly, releasing my hold on her.

"This time, maybe," she bantered back. "But I am still one of the only elves who can beat the Prince in combat." To that I bowed my head in modesty.

"You are a fierce fighter, Tauriel." She blushed profusely at my compliment.

"_Le fael_, my Prince."

"Please, Tauriel. Legolas is perfectly fine. There is no need for formalities with me." I looked towards her eyes and almost as if feeling my gaze upon hers, she raised her eyes and met mine, holding them for a pause, green meeting blue.

"Thanks, _mellon_."

I unexplainably felt my heart sink when she said that for the third time that day. Tauriel was my dearest friend but sometimes I suspected there might be something more I felt for her that even I hardly knew of.

"Are you okay, Legolas? A shadow has passed over your face." I quickly put a smile on my face. She had noticed. Then again, I should have known. Tauriel observes every little detail around her. That is one of the things I greatly admire about her.

"I'm fine, Tauriel. _Tolo_, we should get back to the palace before they close the gates on us."

We walked back to the palace side by side in a comfortable silence. After passing through the gates, we paused before parting ways for the evening. "Goodnight, Tauriel. It was a pleasure sparring with you today. Would you like to do it again tomorrow? Swords this time?"

"There is no way I could turn down a chance to redeem myself. Of course, Legolas. Goodnight." She spun on her heel and headed down the hall to her chambers. I watched her go before heading my separate way.

I aimed to retire to my chambers but my father stopped me in my tracks with a hand on my shoulder.

"Son, may I talk to you privately?" I looked curiously at my father. He hardly ever talked to me privately.

"Of course, _Ada_," I replied, inclining my head to him in a gesture of respect. He led me into his throne room, ordering all the guards to leave us alone for a minute. Thranduil climbed the stairs to his

throne and sat there, regally looking down upon me.

"I have noticed that you have been spending a lot of time with the captain of the guards, Tauriel, lately, Legolas. You have grown very fond of her." It was a statement, not a question.

"She is a dear friend and fighting companion, _Ada_," I replied.

"I have quite a few ellith of royalty lined up to talk to at the Feast of Starlight tomorrow night. I wish to gain you a betrothed of high status. Do not let Tauriel stand in the way of that." His response was what I feared.

"No, father! I can not marry for the sake of marrying an elleth of royal status. I shall wait until I find true love!" Thranduil sighed,

"At least give the ellith a chance, Legolas. Do not write them off before meeting them." With a curt nod, I wheeled around and strode, infuriated, out of the throne room.

Mellon - Friend

Le fael - Thank you

Tolo - Come

Ada - Father

2. Chapter 2

Chapter 2

Author's note: Hey guys! So this is my first fan fiction as you can probably tell. (Forgive me, I'm still figuring out how to publish and whatever on the website.) Any feedback would be great and I will take it to heart. I've been working on this story for an hour a day so it's been coming along quite fast. I hope to have one chapter up a week at the very least. The next few chapters will follow the Hobbit quite closely but that is my intention, as I want to make it seem like this story could have actually happened.

Tauriel POV

The next day I rose early, quickly braiding my hair in it's usual style. I dressed in my normal hunting attire, not looking forward to having to dress up for the Feast of Starlight later. I grabbed my sword and used my tunic to polish it a little. I started to exit the room but on second thought, grabbed my daggers, bow, and quiver of arrows. No harm in being prepared, I thought. I headed downstairs to the dinning hall where I met my dear friend, Oreth, for breakfast. She is lower in status than me, as she works in the kitchens, but I do not mind. She is the best friend one could ask for.

"_Mae g__'__ovannen_, Oreth," I greeted her.

"Tauriel!" she exclaimed, standing up to throw her arms around me. "I have not seen you for a week!"

"I am so sorry, _mellon_, " I replied. "I have been quite busy training the new guards."

"You've also been quite busy with the prince," she said smirking at me. "But do not fear, I have been fairly busy down in the kitchens as well, preparing for the feast tonight."

"Legolas and I are very good friends," I said in response to her earlier comment.

"I do not miss the way he looks at you, Tauriel," she replied with a knowing smile, making me blush.

"What are you having for breakfast?" I asked, changing the subject.

A half hour later I said goodbye to Oreth, making plans to meet up with her later that day and get ready for the feast together. I hastily walked out of the dinning hall, not wanting to be late for Legolas. Once outside, I paused and took a deep breath, taking in all the beautiful, earthy scents of the forests of Mirkwood. The trees grew strong and tall with leaves the colors of red, orange, and yellow. The warm, early autumn sun filtered in through the trees, spilling golden light everywhere. I marched through the semi-worn path to the clearing Legolas and I always used to practice.

Legolas was already there, sharpening his daggers. I stepped lightly into the clearing and stood there for a moment, observing him. As if feeling my presence, Legolas turned around, a smile slowly spreading across his handsome features. His smile was so beautiful, it seemed to light me up inside. I blushed faintly, smiling back.

"Good morning Tauriel," he greeted me.

"Good morning, Legolas. It is such a gorgeous day today."

"It is," Legolas agreed. "The leaves have turned such beautiful colors, yet the grass is still a beautiful, vibrant green: almost the same shade as your eyes." When he said that, I felt a warmth spread across my cheeks for the third time that day. I am not normally the type to blush but three times that day I blushed and twice it was in the presence of Legolas. As if realizing what he had just said, Legolas directed his gaze to the ground in embarrassment. "I am sorry, Tauriel. That accidentally slipped my mouth," He apologized. I laughed gently, laying my hand on his forearm in reassurance.

"Do not apologize, Legolas. If that was a compliment, thank you," I said, a smile spreading across my face. After meeting my gaze for a split second, he said,

"Shall we spar?"

"Of course," I replied, drawing my sword. I felt bad. I had my favorite sword that I had been using all my life while Legolas was using a sword borrowed from the armory. His had been stolen by a dwarf while we were en route to Lothlorien for a meeting about twenty years ago. The blade had a deadly curve at the end and Legolas had loved it.

"Sword only," Legolas stated the rules while drawing his borrowed

sword.

"Deal," I agreed. I quickly made the first strike hoping to catch Legolas off guard but he was so fast and skilled, he met my sword with his in a clash of metal. I faked a jab towards his head and then stabbed at his legs. He was forced to jump over my sword. He landed in a fairly balanced position but I knew he was slightly off. I double faked right, then left, then right again, his sword just barely following mine. The next time our swords met, I was able to flick my wrist in a way that made his sword drop. He reached down to catch it in midair but not before I spun around, kicking his weapon away and placing my sword at his heart.

"Someone was ready for redemption," Legolas said with a smile, slightly out of breath.

"You win to many times, _mellon_. Someone has to beat you before your ego gets to big," I teased him.

We sparred a few more times, spanning the course of an hour or two. I beat Legolas once more but he beat me three times, making it two to three in his favor. In our sixth and last spar which was the decider of whether we would tie or not, I was just starting to gain an upper hand when Legolas stepped back, held up his hand, and said, "Wait a minute, Tauriel." I did not know if what he was doing was an attempt to win so I kept my guard up.

"What is it?" I asked.

"Do you hear that?" I stood still and listened for a moment. Us elves have the keenest eyesight, smell, and hearing in all of Middle Earth. We can sense other species from a half mile away. I could faintly hear heavy footfalls, grunting, shouting, and the clicking of large spiders' pincers.

"_Rhaich_! The spiders are back! I thought we exterminated the lot last week!" I exclaimed.

"But it's not just the spiders, Tauriel. Only one species can make that amount of noise when fighting. Dwarves are in our lands," Legolas said, distaste clearly in his voice.

Legolas POV

"_Tolo_, Tauriel. We must alert the king," I said, running off. We sprinted through the forest side by side and reached the palace in record time. I walked into the throne room with Tauriel a pace behind me. "_Ada_," I said with a half bow.

"What is your haste, _Ionneg_?" My father asked.

"Father, there are dwarves in our forests. Along with more spiders. It sounds like they are fighting them," I exclaimed. My father's face darkened when I mentioned the dwarves.

"Tauriel! I thought I told you to keep our lands clear of those foul spiders!" Thranduil's voice rang through the silence. Tauriel winced noticeably at his harsh words.

"We have been, HÃ©r vuin. They come back as fast as we can kill

them," she replied.

"Father, now is not the time to interrogate Tauriel. What must we do of these dwarves?" I cut in. Tauriel glanced at me in thanks.

"Capture them immediately," He ordered. I nodded.

"Yes, Ada," I replied. With that, Tauriel and I jogged out of the throne room to quickly muster the guards.

_Mae g__'__ovannen_ - Well met

Mellon - Friend

Rhaich - Curses

Tolo - Come

Ada - Father

Ionneg - Son

_H__Ã@__r vuin_ - My Lord

3. Chapter 3

Chapter 3

Author's note: So, I'm on vacation this week and I've been writing like crazy because I have so much time I'm so into it. I'm predicting that two, maybe three chapters will be up this week.

I know there is a lot of staring going on. Personally, I think them meeting gazes is really romantic but I'm trying to keep that down because I don't want this to turn into Twilight. :D

Please review! Any feedback is taken to heart!

Legolas POV

I marched silently through the forest with Tauriel at my side and twenty or so trained elven guards at my back. Following my ears, I led the way to where the dwarves roamed.

"Halt." I gave the quiet but firm command to the guards who stopped immediately in perfect formation. Even though I was the co-trainer of the guards along with Tauriel, the formality and structure of the elven guard never ceased to amaze me. I put my finger to my lips and motioned for Tauriel to follow me. We silently moved away to where we could see the intruders. I nimbly scaled a large tree, darting between large strands of sticky spider web. I peered through the leaves. Around ten dwarves were on the ground, grumbling as they pulled sticky sheets of web off of them.

"Are the spiders gone?" One very important looking, dark-haired dwarf questioned another, ginger dwarf.

"For now, but they will be back soon. We must move, " The ginger

dwarf replied. I quickly jumped back down the tree to talk with Tauriel.

"Instruct the guards to split and surround the group. Tell them to proceed on my first move. The spiders will come back soon though. Will you be okay if you stay back to watch for the spiders? The rest of us can handle the dwarves," I softly questioned Tauriel.

"Of course, Legolas," she smiled warmly before turning and jogging away. I watched her go, her green hunting tunic swishing and her fiery red hair streaming out behind her. I blinked, exiting my trance. I turned and climbed back up the tree. I waited a minute until I could sense that the guard was in place. The dwarves had just started running in my direction when I spun down from the tree, using a strand of web as a pole. I landed on the leaves and slid in a kneeling position towards the dwarves, while notching an arrow.

"Do not think I won't kill you, Dwarf. It would be my pleasure," I said in my most menacing voice. From everywhere around the dwarves, elves materialized out of the woods, each drawing an arrow. I was proud of the guard. They had carried out their orders exceptionally well. From a little ways off, I heard a yell, a scuffle, and the sounds of spiders.

"Kili!" One of the dwarves yelled. On key, Tauriel dropped from the trees, landing on a spider. She shot an arrow into another's back, finishing it off with a stab of her dagger to one of its many, milky eyes. I desperately wanted to help her, as she was fighting four spiders and a dwarf, but I was a ways away and I couldn't turn my back on the dwarves. She turned and hurled a dagger into the eyes of the spider holding the dwarf, Kili. She did not have time to capture him before her attention was turned to the first spider who was attacking her. The dwarf made no move to escape though. He seemed pretty intent on killing the spiders.

"Throw me a dagger! Quick!" He yelled to Tauriel while watching a fourth spider advance rapidly on him.

"If you think I'm going you a weapon, dwarf, then you are mistaken!" Tauriel gritted her teeth. The spider had captured her bow in its pincers and she was desperately trying to reclaim it and slaughter the spider.

"_Odulen an edraith angin_, Tauriel!" I rapidly turned and shot my arrow towards the spider who was fighting her. It was a very long shot but the arrow found its mark and the spider receded, injured. Tauriel was able to yank her bow back and shoot the spider a second time in the eyes. She wheeled around and threw her second dagger at the last spider with impeccable aim. The same, proud, accomplished look came on her face like the one she had when she split the arrows yesterday. With a triumphant smile she went to recollect her daggers while another member of the guard took Kili captive. "Search them!" I commanded. I went through the nearest dwarf's belongings, clothes, and hair, taking out weapon after weapon. I wondered why they had so many damn weapons anyway. They hardly ever use them. "Treasure lovers," I muttered to myself, shaking my head. I took a silver picture holder out of the dwarf's lapel.

"Hey! Give it back! That's private!" The dwarf protested. I felt so much satisfaction at the indignant look on his face that I pressed

further.

"Who is this, your brother?" I motioned to the picture on the left.

"That's my wife!" The dwarf roared.

"And who is this goblin mutant?" I asked pointing to the picture on the right.

"That's my wee lad, Gimli! He replied resentfully. I narrowed my eyes and stared the dwarf down. In embarrassment, he turned his head away. I spun and strode over to Tauriel.

"Are you okay?" I asked, my voice immediately becoming softer.

"_Ma_, _le fael_, Legolas," she answered, meeting my gaze with a beautiful smile.

"Are the spiders gone?" I questioned, changing the subject.

"Yes but more will come," she replied. I tipped my head and squinted my eyes in confusion. "They are growing bolder." I nodded, understanding. We turned and walked side by side back to the group. A guard knelt in front of me and presented me with a sword. My sword. The one that had been stolen more than twenty years ago. Beside me, I heard Tauriel gasp.

"_H_Ã@_r vuin_. The leader had this." He rose and bowed.

"This is an ancient elvish blade," I said, keeping my poker face. "Forged by my kin." I flipped the blade up and it landed perfectly in my hand. It was better and more balanced than I remembered. I spun it around. Forwards, then backwards. "Where did you get this?" I asked the dwarf leader.

Tauriel POV

Legolas asked the question curiously but I could hear the hint of venom in his voice. He seemed to be in awe now that he had his sword back in his hands. "It was given to me," The dwarf replied matter-of-factly.

"Not just a thief, but a liar as well!" Legolas said viciously. He drew the sword and placed it at the dwarf's heart. After a second, he stepped back and shouted a command to the guards to bring the dwarves back to the palace. I stayed back and stepped next to him. He turned to face me with a sigh. "I'm sorry, Tauriel. I probably acted a little cruel just then towards the dwarves." I stopped his talking by placing my hand on his shoulder and looking into his eyes.

"Legolas. If I were in your position I would have acted the same," I laughed quietly. "Probably even worse. I know you love that sword and hate the dwarves for attacking us and taking it. And your father's hate for dwarves does not help either. I understand, I truly do." I reached up and hesitantly hugged him. I have never seen Legolas be very affectionate before and I was afraid of getting rejected but when he relaxed and hugged me back, I eased up. The hug lasted only ten seconds or so but warmth spread through me. I stepped back and

inclined my head in embarrassment but Legolas stayed close with his hands on my shoulders. He removed one hand and used it to tilt my chin up. His hands were soft and warm.

"Guren glassui, Tauriel" he said kindly, warmth in his voice.

"For what?" I asked.

"For being an amazing person," Legolas said sincerely with a kind smile.

Odulen an edraith angin - I'm here to save you

Ma, _le fael_ - Yes, thank you

_H_Ã@__r vuin_ - My Lord

Guren glassui - Thank you from my heart

4. Chapter 4

Chapter 4

****Author*****s Note: Yay! Another chapter out! I*****m having an awesome time writing this. It*****s such a great pastime.

****Just so you know, I don't write with an outline. I definitely have one in my head but nothing too strict so if you have any suggestions, definitely review! ****

****Please note that in Sindarin (The Elvish Language) *****no*****
*****means yes. I have included that at the bottom, I just don't want any confusion. :)****

Legolas POV

I walked back to the palace with a spring in my step. Tauriel hugged me and she had not blocked out my affection towards her. It might not seem like much, but for me it was. I knew I was starting to love Tauriel. She was at my side the whole walk back to the palace.

"Those darn spiders!" she complained. "They come back faster than we can kill them. If only we can get them at their source before they get even stronger," Her brow furrowed.

"I can talk to my father," I replied. "But you know him. He has no concern for other lands." I shook my head in annoyance at my father.

"I can come with you," she said. "Hopefully together we can persuade him." There was a comfortable silence for a minute. "That sword," Tauriel prompted. "Do you think the dwarf who had it was the one who stole it?"

"I do not know. Hopefully when my father interrogates him, he can get some answers. The good thing is that it is back in my hands," I spun the sword fondly. "No other blade felt perfectly balanced and my

sword skills have greatly declined."

"Excuses, excuses," Tauriel teased me. "I still beat you fair and square twice today." We arrived at the entrance to the palace and Tauriel went ahead, shepherding the dwarves towards the cells. I stayed back and turned, surveying the forest to make sure there were no remaining dwarves or guards. When I saw none, I swiftly turned and strode into the palace, the doors closing tightly behind me. Two guards brought the leader up to my father for questioning while I followed the rest of the procession towards the dungeons. I saw Tauriel's red hair flash out of the corner of my eye. She was talking to a dwarf.

"I could have anything down my trousers," The dwarf said moodily. My eyes flashed with anger. This nobody dwarf was shamelessly flirting with Tauriel.

"Or nothing," Tauriel raised her eyebrows, coldly turning him down. Slamming his cell door she turned and climbed the steps back up to me. I could see the dwarf in the background gazing after Tauriel with a wistful smile. I was annoyed that the dwarf had tried to make a move on Tauriel but I masked my irritation as she approached me. I motioned with my hand towards a larger staircase which led up to the more inhabited floors. Falling into step beside her I asked,

"Why does the dwarf stare at you, Tauriel?"

"Who can say?" she answered. On second thought she added, "He is quite tall for a dwarf," Then as if realizing what she said, took a deep breath and changed her tone. "Don't you think?"

"Taller than some," I replied. "But no less ugly," I added, hoping for an affect. Tauriel laughed genuinely, causing me to smile back.

"Well, I must go meet Oreth. I promised her I would let her ready me for the feast." Tauriel explained.

"Ah, the feast," I said. "With all the excitement today I genuinely forgot about it." I did not enjoy feasts very much. And at this one my father would be trying to find me a betrothed. I did not find the company of many high status ellith enjoyable. Most of them were slightly stuck up and expected to be revered by everyone. I liked ellith who were kind and genuine. "Like Tauriel," I thought to myself. "Save me a dance?" I questioned her with a grin.

"Of course," she replied. "Though I cannot say I am a good dancer."

"I'll bet you are better than you think," I responded. "See you tonight, Tauriel." With that we parted ways.

I passed through the throne room on the way to my chambers to update my father on the new guard's progress. We exchanged a few brief words and I was on my way out the door when my father stopped me. "_Ionneg_", he said. "How did Tauriel do today?" I frowned in confusion. Why would he ask me about that?

"As good as always, _Ada_", I replied. "Obedient, on-point, and fierce. She is a perfect example for the guards in training." Not

turning to see the look on my father's face or hear his reply, I briskly strode out of the room.

Tauriel POV

I headed back to my chambers where Oreth was supposed to meet me any minute. She would have been in the kitchen all day, cooking her heart out for the feast. Oreth was one of the hardest workers I knew, yet she always found time to spend with me.

I went to my closet and started going through all the clothes I had. Most were hunting tunics and attire. I had two nicer tunics but neither seemed correct for tonight. I sighed, deciding to wait for Oreth. She would know what to do.

Minutes later there was a knock on my door. "Enter," I answered. Oreth walked in with a pile of dresses slung over her arm.

"Tauriel!" she exclaimed. "I thought you'd need something to wear."

"Oreth! You are my lifesaver! I was just surfing through my closet looking for something suitable, but all I have is hunting attire," I replied. "I do not think the king would approve if I came in less than my finest, especially because I suspect I am not on his best side right now."

"Ah," Oreth replied knowingly. "Is he upset about you and the Prince?"

"Yes," I replied. "I reckon he thinks I will get in the way of him trying to find Legolas a betrothed." As I said that I felt hot tears welling up in my eyes. I gulped, refusing to let them spill over. I was not going to cry now.

"Tauriel," Oreth said, giving me a hug. "Whatever is going on between you, the Prince, and the King will work out. The Prince is quite capable of standing up to his father and as I have noticed, he has grown quite fond of you." When she said that, warmth spread through me.

"You think?" I asked hopefully.

"Of course."

"_Le fael_, Oreth," I replied with a smile. "So!" I said, much more cheerful. "What dresses have you brought?"

"I think this one would be the best with your hair color and complexion," Oreth declared, holding up a long pale blue dress with sleeves that resembled that of the robes the elves of royalty sometimes wore. "But I brought others in case that one doesn't fit."

I gasped. "It's gorgeous, Oreth. Thank you!" On second thought I added, "What are you going to wear?" With a smile, her eyes twinkling, Oreth held up a yellow gown which would set off her dark hair beautifully.

After I changed, I stood in front of the mirror, admiring the dress. It really was gorgeous. The satin was fitted around the top and flowed out towards the bottom where it fell just around my ankles. The top was lower cut than my normal high collared tunic, but not too much that it felt revealing. I don't normally like dresses but I felt great in this one. Oreth came out of the bathroom looking just as stunning in her gown.

"Will you allow me to do your hair, Lady Tauriel?" she teased with a curtsy.

"Of course!" I replied, laughing. I sat on a stool facing the mirror as Oreth examined my hair. Her fingers worked carefully through my red locks, plaiting two braids back into what looked like a crown. She finished by putting a slight curl in the locks of hair that remained down. I gasped. "Oreth, it's beautiful! Thank you!"

"It sounds like the feast has started, shall we head down?" she motioned to the door.

"I must report to Lord Thranduil before the feast, Oreth," I answered. "But I will meet you there soon." I headed out the door, quickly putting on my elven slippers that I hardly ever wore. I usually preferred my comfortable hunting boots. I scurried down three flights of moss covered stairs to the throne room. I stopped outside, gathering my bearings. Just then I heard Thranduil's voice.

"I know you're there. Why do you linger in the shadows?" He questioned me.

"I was coming to report to you," I replied, striding into the room and bowing.

"I thought I ordered that nest to be destroyed," Thranduil frowned threateningly.

"We cleared the forest as ordered, my lord," I responded with a touch of annoyance in my voice. "But more spiders keep coming. If we could kill them at their source."

"Their fortress lies beyond our borders. Keep our lands clear of those foul creatures. That is your task!" Thranduil demanded.

"What will happen when we drive them off?" I questioned. "Will they not spread to other lands?"

"Other lands are not my concern," Thranduil whispered. I stared at him astonished. Could I really be hearing him right? I bowed my head in defeat and turned to leave when he added, "Legolas said you fought well today." I looked at him with a smile. "He has grown very fond of you," Thranduil added. When he said that, I immediately felt warmth spread through my entire body. Not daring to believe what I just heard, I answered,

"I assure you, Legolas thinks of me no more than a captain of the guard."

"Perhaps he did once," Thranduil said, striding across the room. "Now, I am not so sure." Questions started flowing through my brain at once.

"Did Legolas feel as much towards me as his father hinted? How could I tell him that I loved him back? Would I get rejected? Would Lord Thranduil approve?" The last question reverberated around my head. "I do not think you would allow your son to pledge himself to a lowly silvan elf." I prompted, masking my feelings.

"You are right! I would not," The second Thranduil said that, I felt my heart sink. I gulped, swallowing back threatening tears. "Still, he cares about you. Do not give him hope where there is none."

With a nod I said, "Yes, my lord," and exited the room. I took a moment to organize myself. Deciding to push what had just happened away and enjoy tonight, I wiped my eyes with the back of my hand and headed towards the dinning hall.

I arrived soon after the feast had started. I scanned the room for Legolas, eventually finding him sitting at the royalty table talking to another elf. I almost gasped out loud at the sight of him. He looked amazing in a silver tunic that shone under the lights. A simple silver circlet rested upon his blonde head. He had once confided in me that he detested wearing circlets. He said he did not enjoy elves everywhere always bowing to him. He preferred to keep it off and only wear a very simple one on formal occasions, more out of respect to his father if anything.

Legolas scanned the room, as if looking for someone. His eyes rested on me. I held my breath, waiting for his reaction. His face lit up in a beautiful smile. Something the elf said next to him made him turn his head back to reply, but not before his eyes lingered on me for a split second longer.

"Tauriel," Oreth whispered. "I would quit staring, the King does not seem too happy." Sure enough, Thranduil was looking at me with narrowed eyes. He rose and went over to Legolas. Placing a hand on his son's shoulder and excusing himself from the other elf, he led Legolas over to a group of three pretty elf maidens who were all of high status. Thranduil introduced him to the group and they immediately started talking.

I felt as though someone had punched me right in the gut. "I, I need air," I stuttered. "I'll find you in a few minutes."

"_No_," Oreth agreed, having completely missed what had just happened as she had been waving to a couple of her other friends. I turned and quickly walked out of the throne room to the only place I knew there would be no elves; the dungeons.

Ionneg - _Son_

Ada - _Father_

Le fael - Thank you

No - Yes/Sure (Kinda confusing, haha)

5. Chapter 5

Chapter 5

****Authors note:** Please nota again that in this chapter
*****"****No*****" ****means yes. It*****'*****s so confusing haha.
Another confusing thing is that in Sindarin there are a couple
different ways of saying thank you, yes, and no. I specify that
below.**

Legolas POV

I was bored within two minutes of talking to the elf maidens. Their fake laughs and cheerfulness drove me crazy. I scanned the room for Tauriel again, hoping for an excuse to leave but I could not find her in the room. Knowing almost for sure where she might have gone, I excused myself from the ellith and quickly exited the dinning hall.

I walked silently down the steps to the dungeons. Sure enough, there she was, sitting on the bottom of a staircase and talking to the very dwarf who had been flirting with her earlier. They were speaking wistfully about starlight and fire moons. Never having liked dwarves, I was astounded that one could speak so nicely and fairly to an elf.

I watched them closely. Tauriel seemed so much more relaxed out here than she had in the dinning hall and the dwarf seemed genuinely friendly. I was just about to return to the feast and wait for Tauriel to return when the dwarf looked up and caught my eye. He seemed to shrink back into his cell. Tauriel turned, meeting my gaze with a questioning look in her eyes.

"You were not at the feast so I figured I would come find you," I explained. "After all you do owe me a dance."

"You seemed busy with the maidens," she replied, terse. "I did not want to interfere."

"You would not have interfered," I responded softly, gracefully descending the stairs towards her. I placed my hands on her shoulders and tipped her chin up so that she had no choice but to look me in the eye. "The ellith were boring me anyways." Tauriel stifled a giggle.

"I have had my own affairs with them at one point or another," she responded, smiling. "Some of them are not the brightest."

"Come," I persuaded her. "Dance with me before the floor is filled with drunken elves." She turned back to the dwarf who held onto the bars of his cell like a caged animal.

"_Boe i __'__waen_, Kili. _Ni __'__lassui, mellon_." She directed her words to the dwarf.

"I do not speak your language, Maiden." He answered curtly, inclining his head.

Back in the dinning hall, I led Tauriel onto the dance floor. I could feel my father's annoyed gaze piercing my back but I did not care. We danced for three songs, swaying with the music and holding each other's gaze. I twirled Tauriel a couple times, her fiery hair swirling out behind her. She laughed in delight. "You are an

excellent dancer, Tauriel," I complimented her.

"Thank you, Legolas," she responded modestly. "You are not terrible yourself."

We sat at a table with Tauriel's friend, Oreth sipping wine and talking. None of us are heavy drinkers so we stayed alert while many elves around us became drunk.

After awhile and many turned down offers to dance by tipsy elves, Tauriel stood up and yawned. "I think I will retire to my chambers," she declared. "I do not want to be tired tomorrow for the guard training. I just hope none of the guards are intoxicated. That will make training that much harder." I immediately jumped up.

"I can walk you back, Tauriel," I offered. "Will you come, Oreth?"

"_Ã>_," she answered with a glance at Tauriel. "I will stay a short while longer." Tauriel gave Oreth a friendly kiss on the cheek.

"Goodnight, _mellon_," Tauriel whispered to her friend.

After having walked Tauriel back to her chambers, I was just about to head down the hall to mine, thinking Tauriel's idea of an early night was smart, when she invited me in. I accepted and I followed her into the large room. She curled up in a chair by the fire, motioning for me to sit. For awhile we just talked; something we haven't done in quite awhile. We talked about training the guards and fighting but also about personal matters. Tauriel confided in me about the death of her parents many years ago. After awhile Tauriel started to get sleepy and nod off in the chair and I could feel myself tiring as well. "We must go to bed soon," I declared. "But first would you like to me to take out your braids for you?"

"Sure," she replied gratefully. I stood behind her, my fingers gently working through her hair, taking out each strand one-by-one, being careful not to pull. When I was finished, I ran my fingers through her long red locks, taking out any last tangle. Her hair was curly from the braids but she looked beautiful. I turned away as not to appear to be staring. "_Le_ _fael_, Legolas."

"_Novaer_, Tauriel," I said. "_Losto vae_." I quietly exited the room and headed back to my own chambers where I quickly unbraided my hair, changed out of the uncomfortable dress tunic and circlet, and fell asleep.

Tauriel POV

The next morning I threw on my usual green hunting tunic and bodice, ready for an exciting day of training and spending time with Legolas and the guards. Slinging my bow and quiver of arrows over my back and putting my daggers and sword in their sheathes, I exited the room and ventured downstairs for breakfast. To my delight, almost all of the guards were there, none sporting a lick of a hangover.

Halfway through breakfast a guard rushed into the hall looking flustered. "My lady Tauriel," he exclaimed. He rushed over to me and whispered quietly into my ear. "The prisoners have escaped!" I jumped

up out of my seat.

"What?!" I asked. "That cannot be! They were locked up tight when I checked them last night!" I was fuming. I bet the guards who were watching the prisoners neglected their job for wine last night. "Thank you for telling me. Could you please run and tell the prince?"

"_No_, _Hiril vuin_," he rushed off. I ran down to the dungeons with two guards close behind me.

"Where is the keeper of the keys?!" I shouted, infuriated as I ran down the stairs. I was looking for some clue to where the dwarves might have gone off too.

"_Hiril vuin_," one of the guards said, pointing to the trapdoor where empty wine barrels were stacked so that they could be released into the river to head for Laketown. "Look." The trapdoor was just closing.

"This is not the time of day for barrel release," I said slowly, realizing how the dwarves escaped the palace. "Guards! To me!" I commanded as I ran back up the steps and headed outside.

"Close the gates!" I heard Legolas shout behind me, rushing outside. The guard who had warned him and I of the dwarves' escape blew a loud horn which sounded loudly over the rushing of the river. One of the guards on the bridge pulled the large lever down just in time, trapping the dwarves. I breathed a sigh of relief and relaxed. The guards on the bridge had their arrows notched and pointed at the dwarves. They were captured. I turned back to Legolas to see about mustering the guards and shepherding the dwarves back into their cells but as soon as I turned around I saw him gasp, his face horrified. I wheeled back around to see two guards fall, arrows lodged in their abdomens. Then, a large group of orcs, fifty strong or so, leaped up onto the bridge, quickly finishing off the rest of the guards easily.

Without a second thought I raced furiously towards the orcs. These orcs had crossed our borders, mercifully killed some elven guards, and were about to kill our prisoners. I thought of Kili, the sweet, funny dwarf I had been talking to last night. Elves and dwarves might not be the greatest of friends, but I was not going to let these orcs kill him. Knowing Legolas was right behind me gave me strength and bravery. I charged into battle with a cry of "No you don't!"

_Boe i __'__waen_ - I must go

_Ni __'__lassui_ - Thank you (I am glad)

Mellon - Friend

Ã> - No

Le fael - Thank you (You are generous)

Novaer - Goodbye

Losto vae - Sleep well

No - Yes

6. Chapter 6

Chapter 6

Legolas POV

I raced after Tauriel through the woods on one side of the river. I was angry at the orcs for killing elven guards but she was livid for an unknown reason. I suspected jealously that it had to do with that dwarf, Kili, but now was not the time to question her.

Stepping out of the woods she ran lightly, shooting orc after orc with impeccable aim. Once her arrow hit them, they dropped dead on the spot. The orcs soon were too close for her to use her bow so she slung that on her back, opting instead for her daggers. She spun this way and that, beheading any orc that tried to challenge her. She really was a graceful fighter but then wasn't the time to admire her. She was outnumbered greatly by about forty-five to one. I caught up to where she had stepped out of the woods.

"Kill her!" Bolg, the leader, cried. "Kill the she-elf!"

"Not on my watch!" I thought as I stepped out into battle, shooting an orc clean through the head right away. I raced after the orcs who seemed more intent upon killing Tauriel and the dwarves who had continued down the river than me. I yanked my daggers from their sheathes on my back. Using the dagger combined with my bow and arrows, I took down orc after orc. I managed to draw closer to Tauriel and climb up on the bridge so that I was fighting back to back with her as we had done many times before.

"Guards!" Tauriel called breathlessly while taking an orc's head off. "Gwaem!" I did not think we had any backup so I was amazed to see ten guards swing down from the trees and start killing the orcs.

"Thank you, Tauriel," I muttered under my breath, sprinting downstream. I took a flying leap and landed with each of my feet on the head of a dwarf as they careened downstream. An arrow shot carelessly by an orc sailed past my head, missing by a foot at least. I returned fire, notching and sending arrows flying back at the orcs. I jumped and turned a one eighty in the air, turning to face the other way. I could hear the dwarves groaning in pain as I landed on their heads but it did not bother me in the slightest. I was intent on killing the orcs.

Out of the corner of my eye I could see Tauriel watching me in amazement. She stood still a second too long. An orc lunged at her from behind, almost ripping her bow from her grasp. "Argh!" she cried as she judo flipped the orc into the rushing water of the river. Thankfully she regained her composure, turning away from me. I leapt off the dwarf and onto an orc, skidding down the hill. I jumped from orc to orc, stabbing here and there. I used the dwarves' heads as stepping stones once more, leaping from head to head as I made my way across the river. As I was battling one of the last orcs, I could feel an orc creeping up behind me. I had no free hand to battle him as well so I was getting ready to duck his swing but it never came.

The orc reeled over with a sword in his stomach, dead. I stabbed the other dwarf and shot the last one, dislodging him from one of the dwarf's barrels. I turned around watching the dwarves recede from sight. Before the last one went around the bend, he turned around and looked at me. I immediately knew it had been him who had killed the orc who had been about to stab me. I wanted to signal him to thank him but before I could, he leered at me. I narrowed my eyes in anger at his retreating figure. Maybe some dwarves were nice when they felt like it but they definitely do not forget about the long lasting dwarf/elf rivalry.

Tauriel POV

I could see the last remaining orc that Legolas did not and I started running as fast as I could towards him. He was staring out at the water, watching the prisoners escape. The orc raised his bow and notched an arrow, drawing the string back. It was pointing straight towards the back of Legolas' blonde head. "No!" I cried, releasing an arrow the same time the orc did. My arrow collided with his, sending them both spinning off to the side of Legolas. He looked around in shock. I jumped down, rolling under the orc's swing. "Argh!" I yelled in anger, kicking the orc and placing my dagger at his neck. I could not believe he had just tried to harm Legolas.

"Tauriel, wait!" Legolas cried. "This one we keep alive." I nodded obediently even though all I could think of was how much pleasure I would get out of slowly sinking my dagger deep into the orc's neck.

"After them! Cut them off!" I turned in alarm. Around thirty orcs were still chasing the dwarves downstream.

How I would have loved to go running after the orcs. To show them I meant business. To get revenge for the fallen elves. And to save poor Kili, my new friend. After all, he did promise to return to his mother. But Legolas said, "_Tolo_", Tauriel. We must bring this orc filth back to the kingdom for questioning." I had no choice but to turn my back on the dwarves and head to the palace.

Legolas POV

Tauriel seemed distracted and fidgety on the way back to the palace. With one hand she helped me drag the orc but the other stayed on her weapon. She kept glancing back to the river where we could hear the faint shouts of orcs and dwarves. We stuck the orc into a high security cell to wait to be questioned by my father. "Tauriel," I inquired leading her aside. "What is wrong?"

She sighed, "I am sorry but I do not agree with your father, Legolas. He does not care for the fortunes of other lands and people. If it were up to me, I would pursue the orcs." She glanced at me with a slight sadness in her green eyes.

"The reason for you wanting to follow the orcs does not have to do with that Kili, does it?" I asked the question lightly but inside my heart was pounding. I was nervous for her answer.

"I have found out that dwarves can be very nice," Tauriel responded. "But no, that is not my main reason." Relief coursed through me. "Why, Legolas?" she added.

"No reason," I replied. She studied me carefully with her green eyes. I held her gaze softly. Suddenly she stepped forward and kissed me on the cheek. It lasted a second and I was left yearning for more. How I desperately wanted to kiss her back, on the lips, but I knew then was not the time or place. I did not even know for certain whether Tauriel felt the same way for me that I did for her. She stayed close, placing her hand on my cheek and tilting my head down so that my forehead touched hers and our eyes met. We stayed like that for half a minute, a silent understanding passing between us. I immediately felt relieved.

Later, Tauriel and I were in the throne room with my father, questioning the orc. I had the orc on his knees and one of my daggers pressed up against his neck. "You were tracking the company of thirteen dwarves," I asked. "Why?"

"Not thirteen," he responded, shuddering against the dagger. "We stuck the young one with an arrow. Poison is in his blood. He'll be dead soon."

"Answer the question, filth," Tauriel snapped.

"I do not answer to dogs, she-elf!" The orc roared, flinging himself at Tauriel.

"No!" I shouted, getting the orc back under control. Tauriel swiftly drew her daggers with a defiant look upon her face. "I would not antagonize her," I told the orc menacingly, pressing my dagger into his neck so that drops of black blood dribbled down one by one.

"You like killing things, orc?" Tauriel asked calmly. "You like death?" The orc made a noise deep in his throat. "Well then let me give it to you!" Tauriel lunged at the orc.

"Tauriel!" My father exclaimed. "That is enough! Leave now!" She nodded obediently. As she passed me, I laid a reassuring hand on her arm.

"Meet up with you later?" I whispered to her. She gave a slight nod, not looking at me. I watched her go in confusion, not knowing why she was suddenly terse with me. My father's eyes were filled with annoyance as he watched me converse with Tauriel.

My father and I continued to question the orc until he suddenly decapitated him. "Why did you do that?" I sighed. "You promised you'd set him free."

"And I did," My father replied. "I freed his wretched head from his miserable shoulders." I could not understand why my father was so annoyed.

"_Ada_!" I exclaimed. "What is bothering you?"

"Tauriel is not of royal status," my father replied. "She does not know how to rule! You cannot pledge yourself to her!"

"_Ada_, I love her," I declared. "Nothing you say will stop that." With that, I turned and walked out of the room.

"Tell the guards to close the doors!" My father called after me. I did not turn around to give him the satisfaction of seeing the hurt upon my face but continued towards the large, oak doors.

"Close the gates!" I commanded. "Keep them sealed by order of the King."

"What about Tauriel?" One of the guards asked me as I was turning to go back into the palace.

"What about her?" I responded nervously, fearing I knew what he was going to say.

"She left," he replied. "Walked out ten minutes ago. With a nod, I turned back to the gates, grabbed a full quiver of arrows, and walked out. The gates closed behind me with a solid thump.

Gwaem - Let's go

Tolo - Come

_Ada _- Father

End
file.